

Ireland

OFFICIAL PAPER of the IRISH FAIR, MECHANICS' PAVILION, MAY 1st to 24th, 1902.

No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 2, 1902.

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IRISH FAIR OPENS WITH A "CEUD MILE FAILTE."

The Gates of St. Lawrence Tower Swing Back at the Mayor's Command.

Rev. Peter C. Yorke Welcomes Thousands in the Old Gaelic Tongue.

The Irish Fair was formally opened last night. Never did the Mechanics' Pavilion present such an inspiring scene. Brilliant lights illuminated the magnificent panorama and brought out in relief all the beauty and art of the Fair. It was a glorious sight. It brought hundreds and thousands back to the days of their childhood and they stood once more beneath the sacred walls of Holy Cross Abbey or Donegal Castle. Visitors stood in rapture at the entrance and gazed down the Pavilion and tears welled into their eyes as they witnessed the scene. All the pent-up pathos of the Irish nature found expression last night.

It would be presumption to attempt a description of the architecture of the Irish Fair. One must visit the Pavilion and see for himself the glorious specimens of Irish art to realize its beauty.

The opening scene was imposing. The floor and galleries of the Pavilion were thronged to their utmost capacity. Precisely at 9 o'clock, his Honor, Mayor E. E. Schmitz, Rev. P. C. Yorke, Rev. P. S. Casey and many other clergymen and distinguished visitors marched to the music stand whilst the band played "The Wearin' of the Green." The immense audience set up a ringing cheer when Father Yorke advanced to the front and delivered his introductory remarks in the tongue of the Gael. Father Yorke then said:

FATHER YORKE'S INTRODUCTORY.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have just been saying to Mayor Schmitz

that it would not be right to open a fair like this, which takes to itself the name of 'The Irish Fair' without saying a word or two in the old Gaelic tongue, the language of some of your ancestors, and, I suppose, of the ancestors of most of those here present. And for that reason I have given them in the name of the management of the Fair that most hearty and soulful Irish greeting, 'one hundred thousand welcomes.' This is the 'Irish Fair' which they see before them, and in the words of the poet I wish them 'nine hundred thousand welcomes.'

"His Honor, Mayor Schmitz, has kindly consented to come this evening



MAYOR E. SCHMITZ.

to open the Fair, and I have no objection whatever to the instrument with which he opens it; and if he is as successful in opening a Fair as he is in closing a 'strike,' we are going to have one of the most successful fairs, not of San Francisco, but of the United States.

"Therefore Ladies and Gentlemen, I need not introduce to you, but will simply make way for Mayor Schmitz, Mayor of all San Francisco."

Mayor Schmitz was enthusiastically received and delivered the following eloquent address:

MAYOR SCHMITZ'S ADDRESS.

"MY FRIENDS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Is this transformation the fabric of a vivid dream, this massing of the people but a mental vision, this change of scenery but the result of fantastic imagination?

"Has Ireland left the British Empire and become a delightful part of splendid California? It is indeed not a dream, nor yet is it altogether a fact. It is but the outward and concrete expression of the wholesouled unity of the Irish people in the noble cause of charity. It is but the material embodiment in circumscribed space of the soul and sentiment which have through the ages made Ireland great and the Irish people famous, that soul and that sentiment that pours itself forth in the songs of the people, in the music of the poets, in the burning eloquence of the Irish orators.

"When the heart is touched, the brain responds; when a people is apparently all heart, it would seem as a logical consequence, that it must be nearly all brain.

"And how the two combine, and what results they can accomplish, under fair conditions, may be seen even on a small scale, in the magnificent fair, this enterprise which is at once a monument of art, a tribute to the generosity and charity of those interested, and an example to all their fellow-citizens.

"Here in this miniature reproduction of wondrous Ireland, and her noted landmarks, here where every foot of sod brought from each of the counties of the Emerald Isle throws out sentiments of longing for the old home, and the old country, of love for her institutions, of honor for her people, here in this pavilion in our city by the Sunset Sea, all Ireland stands united in the cause of sweet charity. From Donegal and Londonderry to Cork and Kerry, from Dublin and Wexford to Limerick and Galway, the sturdy representatives of Irish manhood, and the fair representatives of her womanly beauty and her womanly love, have come to lay down on the altar of their patriotism

the generous mite of kindly aid and devotion.

"Had I but kissed the blarney stone, I would talk to you in language of liquid fluency of the many superior virtues and the many excellling qualities of you who stand before me, but I realize that before the evening shall be over, I shall be inveigled into the castle, where reposes the stone that loosens the tongue, and fills the mind with words of sweetest flattery—then beware of calling on me again.

"As the Chief Executive of the city, I have given myself permission to visit this foreign land; I am impressed with its wonders and its beauties, but some how I feel at home. Your people seem to be my people, and your friends my friends; your hopes and aspirations and ideals seem to be like mine. The Irish as represented here are indeed true and loyal Americans, true Californians, true San Franciscans.

"I am proud to be with you to-night, proud of your friendship and of your confidence, proud of your loyalty and your fidelity to the institutions and principles of our great American nation, proud of your love for the motherland, your faith and your devotion to the ideals and the teachings of your



REV. PETER S. CASEY.

greatest and most famous men. The land which gave birth to a Daniel O'Connell, a Robert Emmet, an Edmund Burke, a Thomas Moore, and a myriad of others whom I might mention, may well fill with loving pride the heart of its every son and daughter and the soul of their descendants even to the last generation.

"I invoke for this noble effort in the cause of humanity, progress and advancement, the blessing of every good spirit, and the substantial assistance of every well-meaning San Franciscan. In conclusion I extend my thanks to your committee of arrangements for the pleasant privilege of opening this Irish Fair and I wish to express also my appreciation to its guiding spirit, the Reverend P. C. Yorke.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the fair is now formally open. I wish you every success."

FATHER CASEY'S REMARKS.

Rev. P. S. Casey, the beloved pastor of St. Peter's, was next presented and said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am very glad of this opportunity to thank you most sincerely for the wonderful work you have been doing during the last two months. Of course, it goes without saying, that Father Yorke is the only man in San Francisco who could make a success of this undertaking.

"I wish, however, to remark here as I stated elsewhere, that the idea of an Irish Fair was first broached by Father Yorke to the parishioners of St. Peter's Parish; but such is the esteem in which he is held by the people of the Gael, that as soon as they heard that he was working for this Fair, representatives from every county of Ireland came from all parts of San Francisco to offer him their willing services.

"And how nobly they have redeemed their promises. In two months the workers for the Fair have collected money enough to meet all expenses. and, at the close of this night, everything will be clear profit. For this I thank you most gratefully. I thank the parishioners for their efforts, and I thank especially those who are not parishioners and who have lent their services. I thank them in the name of the parishioners of St. Peter's who will be benefitted by their disinterested labors. And I thank, of course, most of all, Father Yorke.

"It is to Father Yorke's genius and his splendid ability and wonderful capacity for intellectual work of every kind that the success of this great work is due. He it was who conceived the designs of the booths. He made the map of Ireland. It took him exactly three hours to make it. This accounts for the fact that he has put the river Snir in Tinnerrary County over a mountain 3000 feet high.

"Levelling mountains is in his line. Some years ago the mountain of bigotry and intolerance raised its head in San Francisco. Father Yorke levelled it by an able defence. One year ago another mountain raised its head, the mountain of prejudice and selfishness.

Father Yorke leveled this mountain by his splendid defence of the rights of the workingman. It was he also, as you know, who brought from over three thousand miles of ocean and three thousand miles of continent the sacred earth from every county in Ireland.

"Is it not a privilege to share in his labors? Is there anything we would not do for him? We are proud of his splendid ability and splendid courage and we are proud of his actions.

"In conclusion I beg to thank His Honor, the Mayor, for his presence here this evening. I beg also to thank Father Lyons, the editor of the Fair Journal, ALL IRELAND. And then I must also thank his assistant, Father O'Ryan, but I believe they made one mistake in not having their office in Blarney Castle. According to what was said so eloquently by his Honor, Mayor Schmitz, this surely would have been a great advantage to them in the getting up of a newspaper to chronicle the events of a Fair."

FATHER YORKE'S ADDRESS.

"I know that the booths are not in the proper condition for getting away with all your substance this evening, but still I think as many of them are fairly started I do not wish to draw the people away from the protection which their castles and towers so gladly offer. From the battlements, as of olden time the people of the city looked upon the country round about, I see bright eyes here looking towards Donegal, here looking towards Antrim and towards all the other booths that are waiting to receive you and inveigle you into spending money with lavish hands.

"So therefore I do not wish to delay you longer than to express my thanks to you all for coming here to-night, to thank His Honor, Mayor Schmitz, for his kindly presence; and to thank all those who have labored to make this a success.

"The settlement of the strike has enabled us to open the Fair on this, the evening set for its commencement. This is the first chance I have had of congratulating the Mayor upon the magnificent stand he took and held during the anxious, trying week that has just passed from us. Our city went through a crisis which we did not, and still do not realize. It is the still waters that run deep. And it is the strike in which there are no outward mutterings, but in which you have the silent force and determination to win that is strong and momentous. Such a strike has an effect upon the public welfare—and it is through such a strike we have just passed.

"And it is to the honor of San Francisco and the boast of the people of San Francisco, and it is our guarantee for the future that we have now in the mayor's chair a man who can wield the scales of even justice, and who will not give to the rich man all his powerful protection and crush the poor.

"I would not for a moment detract one particle from the honor due the leaders of the men in this cause. They are geniuses. They did what nobody expected they could do. I am not say-

ing anything against them if I say I do not believe that one-half of those who went out on the strike Saturday night believed they could make a success of it. And the success is all the greater because they did make it. Neither would I detract for a moment from the great credit and honor due the men who are working on the cars. I believe myself that if street cars existed, in Job's time, he would never deserve to be called the model of patience. There is one trial the devil evidently overlooked—that of making Job a conductor. I hardly believe he would have survived the temptations. We must therefore give credit to the men themselves for their great self-restraint and for the splendid manner in which they conducted themselves during the entire strike.

"Then, credit is also due the directors of the new company. Messrs. Tobin, Holbrook and Ford were as anxious for a peaceful and honest settlement of the differences, and acted as fairly in the matter as though they represented a committee from the strikers. Nor do I wish to detract from the credit due ourselves. Our heads were with the strikers, though our heels were against them. We have ridden in wagons, in busses and in every sort of a conveyance jostled over the cobblestones, but we were happy in extending a helping hand to the carmen.

"But this is the point I wish to come at: The settlement of the strike and the manner in which the strike was conducted all depended on the chief magistrate of the city insisting on absolute impartiality in the protection afforded by the law. Under such circumstances the strike was bound to be peaceful. And because he did, because he maintained an even keel during all the trouble, we are a happy people in this town to-night.

"Now, of course, I wish to thank the esteemed presidents of the booths, the secretaries and treasurers and all who during the last two or three months did such successful work for the Irish Fair. Father Casey told you we opened the Fair with a clean record. All the receipts now will be clear profit. And during this Fair we want to show the Irish people and the people of every nationality here, in San Francisco, something truly Irish, something belonging to Ireland. Father Casey has given you so much soft soap that—

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well, I do not want to get even with him. I will let him off this time.

"Of course the Fair this evening is not what it will be to-morrow night or Saturday evening. But it is fitting that the opening should be on May Day because it is a great ancient Irish Festival; and because I know if we did not open to-night we would not be ready to open a week from to-night.

"I wish to thank Mr. Frank Shea for his work in connection with fitting up the booths. There is a great difference between conceiving a design in your mind and asking someone else to put it into effect. Here you have Kerry facing over towards Londonderry, and Donegal Castle almost shaking hands with 'smiling Tipperary.' And I must not forget to mention the Academy Booth, which represents the thirty-third county of Ireland. It is composed of the sodality, the Petronilla Society, the Alumnae and the children who have worked, and are working most zealously for the Fair. The only thing the other counties have against this is the fear that it may come out on top. Nor must I forget to mention the Brothers' Shooting Gallery, close beside the Academy Booth, where all sorts of attractions are offered—even to three shots at 'My Lord Kitchener' for five cents.

"To Messrs. Leahy Bros., managers of the Tivoli, who have spent themselves upon this I would also express my thanks. They have come here out of the kindness of their hearts and given us their help and lavished upon us all that they could, everything that they had was ours. And we thank them from the bottom of our hearts for their kindly assistance.

"Father Lyons does not deserve any thanks. He has taken ALL IRELAND upon his shoulders. In the olden times the Irish kings had their harpers, and, when they were so inclined, they commanded these harpers to sing all the nice things they could about them. Now-days when a man has millions of money he buys a newspaper and says all the nice things he can about himself. So I think, we need not give Father Lyons any thanks. To quote a common saying, 'He has the drop on us.'

"I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, for your kindness in coming to-night and now without saying more I deliver you to the tender mercies of the ladies who have charge."

Longford Booth was not in readiness this evening on account of delay in getting material for decoration, but it is expected that everything will be finished by to-morrow evening. County Longford has quite a few unique exhibits, among them being an organ 104 years old.

A feature of the Tyrone Booth is its handsome furniture of Flemish oak, generously loaned by the firm of M. Friedman & Co.

Q.—Why does a rooster shut his eyes when he crows?

A.—Because he knows it by heart.

The Monuments of Ireland

By FRANK T. SHEA.

The greatest glory of a Nation is to possess poetic legends, hallowed traditions, and commemorative monuments. Without these a Nation is destitute of an honored past and therefore its future must be at best vague. Legends, and traditions transmitted from generation to generation by pen or tongue may perish as ages roll along but commemorative monuments survive the great sweep of time and stand forever as eloquent witnesses of times past and instructive guides for the future.

The most perfect and most indestructible medium for the transmission of ideas which are the immortal parts of men or for the preservation of the annals of a race is through its commemorative monuments, for these structures with their descriptive sculptures and inscriptions are the embodiment of history and civilization in enduring materials. It is not from what is written that we are properly impressed with the past glory of a nation, for history has been perverted by prejudice from time immemorial, but should one desire to imbibe the true spirit of the past and see reflected the greatness of a race, he stands before the ancient piles it has erected, contemplates their merits and asks nor pen nor tongue to tell the story. One glance at the mighty walls and fragments of Babylon, the vast ruins of Persopolis, the subterranean mansions of India, the solemn grandeur of the Pyramids, the enchanting beauty of the Parthenon on the Acropolis, in Athens, the uncovered treasures of Pompeii, the surpassing splendor of the remains of the Colloseum, the forum, and the triumphal arches of Rome, tell more of the degree of importance attained by these ancient people among the nations of the earth than volumes that scribes might write or poets sing.

And since this is true of the nations of antiquity, so also must it hold good for those of the modern and middle times of human affairs.

We traverse the classic land of Italy to read the story of the genius of her people during the age of Christianity as we move amid the shadows of her splendid Cathedrals, Sculptured palaces, frowning castles and superb bridges that stand as land marks along her many highways.

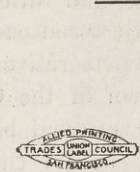
We are fully impressed with the great importance of Spain of other days as we behold the radiant beauties of the Alhambra and the monumental glories of Seville and Salamanca.

France needs no written history to reveal to us her past whilst stands her countless monuments of magnificent expressions in ecclesiastical domestic and public architecture that even at this day are acknowledged as the embodiment of all science and the consummation of all art.

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ALL IRELAND

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
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AN OBJECT LESSON.

The Irish Fair of which all speak and in which many are interested has values of various kinds. To the priests and people of St. Peters it has a monetary value, though we are far from intimating that they are all Philistines. To the Irish, Irishmen and Irishwomen who many long and weary years ago looked for the last time with tear-dimmed eyes on Irish land it has a sentimental value. To those who have steadfastly hoped and prayed for the freedom of the Old Land it has a patriotic value. It will freshen their memories of the "battles, sieges, fortunes" of the past, and renew their spirits for the victories they believe are to come. All these values are important and yet we believe the Irish Fair will do more good as an educator than in aught else; that it will tell those who never saw the country of their fathers something of its history, and urge them to a much deeper study of a subject which cannot be otherwise than intensely interesting.

Travel is put down by all authorities on pedagogics as one of the best methods of acquiring knowledge. Books come after things. Object lessons make acquisition of knowledge easy whenever they can be brought into use. If one wants to know about Ireland the best way to arrive at that knowledge is to go to Ireland. But everybody cannot do that and the way is to read about Ireland. That is something. it is better still if our reading is illustrated by pictures. All text books now-a-days are picture galleries on a small scale. But if you can get the sights and scenes to be met with in Ireland reproduced under your very eyes, the manners, the customs, the traditions—if these are brought close to you so that you may almost fancy you are wandering in the place of green fields, and misty hills, and castles ruined and gray, will it not be a lesson you cannot forget? Will it not be almost as real to you as if you actually looked upon all the things under the soft skies of Eire? And you will hear talk too at the Irish Fair. You will be told the sad but brilliant story of the land of your people—tales of brave deeds, of great wrongs and terrible vengeance; pleasant tales too of mirth and love, and perhaps of that middle world, "Fairyl-land," which is as real as the Irish hills. Oh, there is much to be learned about Ireland—much that is pleasant and good to learn, and some of this may be known from a visit or many of them to our little Ireland here, "The Irish Fair."

MONUMENTS OF IRELAND—Continued.

of that profound spirit of reverence for all the works emanating from the mind of man which is the immortal part of him, a spirit form partaking of Divinity—have amid the varied and changing seasons of their national life preserved all the commemorative monuments since the dawn of the Christian Era in all their original beauty, that posterity might behold through these mighty piles of enduring stone the extent and grandeur of the civilization that had gone before.

For this they are termed the classic lands, the fountain springs of intellectuality. It is a duty every nation owes to humanity to transmit from generation to generation undefiled, all monuments which are the embodiment of history and civilization in enduring material and which being the witnesses of times past are the great and all important guides of the future. A nation that permits the destruction of a single monument, a master-painting, a piece of sculpture, an inspired verse or a line of authentic history all of which represent some particular phase of past life, is a vandal, a criminal in the eye of the world as having robbed posterity of its just and valued heritage and should forever receive the execrations of mankind. While Italy, Spain and France in the possession of their monuments and inspired records stand like richest gems in the diadem of nations, England although stretching her avaricious arms around the world stands today unlike the Southern lands with her hills and valleys, strewn with ruined temples of former beauty that will remain forever as everlasting testimonials of the religious hate, lack of brotherly love and unpardonable vandalism that has made her past history a reproach to all higher civilization. England's vicious and criminal disrespect for the records, annals, traditions and monuments of the past which should be forever sacred, laid all Ireland waste at a time when the green Isle was vying with the world in the productions of vast and wondrous structures reflecting in their originality of outline and the magic beauty of their proportions the superb spirit of a race that was old when Greece had fallen and Rome had crumbled, which had passed through the Shadow of the Valley that meant death to all other nations of Antiquity, emerging from the gloom of pitiless centuries full of the vigor of perpetual youth, ancient yet young, proclaiming to the world that the inherent spirit of the race which had come down through the lapse of centuries still lived and could never die.

The eloquent ruins of Clonmacnoise Abbey on the banks of beautiful Shannon dedicated to the saintly memory of St. Kiernan with its splendid model of Celtic Cross, Irish round tower and its seven churches.

The magnificent historic remains of the Dunbrody Abbey, County Wexford, where the river Barrow flows, the Mucross Abbey, by the banks of the Lakes of Killarney, The St. Mary's Abbey in Howth on the mighty cliffs of Dublin Bay, the remains of the

Cathedral of Aghadoe near the gap of Dunloe where for hundreds of years the annals of Ireland were recorded, The ruins of Kilmallock in Limerick, Jerpoint in Kilkenny, Grey Abbey in Down, Newton in Meath, The ruins of Sligo, Clare and Mayo, The Knockmoy ruins in Galway, Dunbrody in Wexford and last but not least the majestic and shattered pile on the rock of Cashel in the County of Tipperary, all stand even in their desolation, as heralds of other days, as voices of many crying out in the wilderness testifying to the former glory of Ireland when she was the land of Saints and the home of scholars, the intellectual beacon of the world when darkness spread its ominous wings across the continents, and also in thunder tones proclaiming forever to the thinking world the part that England took in Ireland through bigotry and hate in turning back the hands on the dial of time hundreds of years.

But notwithstanding the devastation wrought by these evil influences in attempting to submerge or wipe out from the sight of man the records of the Irish race as the swift rush of Scortia from the womb of Vesuvius set its mantle over the beautiful and classic City of Pompeii with all its works of Art and cultured people there is sufficient of her monuments remaining to justify Ireland in taking a no unenviable place in the world of art, and architecture.

The Irish Fair inaugurated under the thoughtful guidance of Rev. Peter C. Yorke has been conceived by the Reverend Father upon a scale of monumental magnificence excelling in its conception of splendid effects anything that has been heretofore attempted in the State of California if not in the United States. The object of the Reverend gentleman it is plain to observe is, not for ostentation for vain display of scenic effects, but by strict adherence to the truth, to history, presenting correct reproductions of existing types of ancient medieval and modern Irish Architecture of all parts of the Green Isle to demonstrate to the people that there remains yet in Ireland something more than thatched roofs and mud walls. This is an education for which we should be grateful, and the influence of which will be felt for many years to come. The traveller passing through Europe is struck by the many examples of wonderful gateways that stand as entrances to the ancient and mediaeval cities, but it is a fact that the great Gate of St. Lawrence, at Drogheda, the reproduction of which forms the entrance to the Irish Fair, is considered by all who have travelled and by the antiquarians who are best able by comparison and study to properly judge as the most perfect and interesting of all city gates in the world. It is distinctively Irish in the peculiar and novel treatment of its circular towers recessed straight at the center, with its segmental connecting arch and regular battlements at top and its projecting and characteristic segmental semi-circular arches at the base and flanks. It is a fine example of the first order of straight coursed rubble stone work.

It is the first time in this country that this historic and monumental gate has been executed in miniature, and a study of its masonry and ingenious treatment of all its parts will be highly edifying. As we enter the famous gate of St. Lawrence we pass into a veritable city or rather a mighty high way lined on either side with castles, palaces, abbeys and colonnades that stretch out in their perspective seemingly many miles. Bridges, round towers and domes rise up in the distance, with the Giant's Causeway and the mountain ranges as a background. The effect is electric. The buildings are ablaze with light and alive with many people while great throngs pass to and fro along the spacious highway. On the right hand side as one passes St. Lawrence Gate the Blarney Castle salutes you in all its dignity and simplicity. The heart of the people of Cork must go pitter pat pit as they gaze upon this historic pile the most renowned in Ireland. It is an old saying that no one is really and truly Irish who has not visited the Blarney Castle and it goes without saying that all who enter the St. Lawrence Gate will proceed no further until they mount the circular stairway of the old structure to its very battlements for,

There is a stone there

That he who ever kisses,

Oh, he never misses

To grow eloquent

'Tis he who may clamber

To a lady's chamber.

Or become a member

Of parliament

A clever spouter

He'll sure turn out, or

An out and outer.

To be left alone

Don't hope to hinder him,

Or to bewilder him;

Shure he's a pilgrim

From the Blarney Stone.

Directly opposite the Blarney Castle at the left hand side of the highway as one passes the great Gateway stands the nave of the historic Boyle Abbey of County Roscommon, which stands on the banks of the River Boyle and is noted as one of the most splendid examples even in its ruins of Irish Romanesque Architecture. it possesses a magnificent colonnade and nave arches. So beautiful and typical of Irish Monastic architecture is the nave colonnade of Boyle Abbey that it has appropriately been adopted as the great connecting feature uniting the important monuments throughout the Fair.

When the Irish under King Dathu and Nial the Great swept back the Roman Legions in Brittain and pursued them through Gaul or France to the foot of the Alps proclaiming freedom from Roman rule in Northern Europe, the Irish retired within the borders of their native land. Their energies were devoted now to the Arts and agriculture. They brought back with them knowledge of the Ro-

(Continued on Page 7)

Sgeulta Ma h-Aonaighe

Kerry Booth is famous. Ross Castle is decorated handsomely in green and white bunting, palms and flags. Many valuable articles are to be seen on the booth, among them a life-size picture of Rev. Father Yorke. A picture of Daniel O'Connell, also his handwriting and badges won by O'Connell and kindly loaned by Sir Charles Russell, of London, England, a valuable violin, a handsome silver tea set, a handsome doll the "Maid of Erin," also a beautiful doll the "Rose of Tralee," a pair of blankets, a silver-headed cane, several paintings, sofa pillows, chairs, bric-a-brac, a handsome Irish point lace scarf and numerous other articles, also a picture of his Grace Archbishop Riorden.

Queens County is the annex to this booth, the interior is to represent a Kerry kitchen dresser, linen wheel, hearth, etc. Here you can find rest and refreshments all for the small sum of twenty-five cents.

Miss Katherine Flynn was attired in white organdie.

Miss Gertrude O'Reilly looked very beautiful in a white organdie which suited her blonde style of beauty.

Miss L. Ahern attracted much attention in a handsome dress of white organdie over white taffeta.

Miss R. Curtis looked charming in an exquisite creation of pink organdie over white taffeta. Her hair was arranged a la Marguerite.

Miss S. McLaughlin was attired in white mousseline de soi over white taffeta. Her hair was dressed a la pompadour.

Mrs. J. C. Flood was attired in an exquisite creation of red silk with a red lace collar. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. L. Butters looked striking in a black grenadine over white silk.

Hon. Chas. Cheighton graced Cork Booth with a benign smile. Wonder the cause!

Why did Miss Rita Curtis spend an hour in the cosy corner last evening?

What was D. B. Slevin doing around the Academy Booth?

Tyrone did a land-office business with its Animatoscope. Look for it at the left side of the bridge.

Carlton Booth was not in readiness for the opening night, for which it grieves low and long, but promises its patrons to repay them with pleasant surprises to-morrow night.

The Academy Booth is the most beautiful of all the booths. As you enter the Pavilion one is at once struck by the electric illuminations adorning the booth. It is to be hoped that no one will under any circumstances overlook this booth as they have a bevy of charming young ladies attached to same.

The map of Ireland is the center of attraction at the Fair. It is a perfect reproduction of the valleys and mountains of Ireland, the winding rivers of "Erin of the Streams." Genuine sods

have been sent from every county in Ireland and certified by the parish priest in each case. The map is on the northwest of the Pavilion in the gallery and is reached on both sides by a stairs of easy ascent. Miss Nellie Sullivan who is in charge contemplates providing an elevator for weary travelers. But sure every Irishman will visit the map even if he has to make a pilgrimage on bare knees. The Wexford Booth accounted in the list as one of the small booths, loomed up in grand style last night in green and pink bunting and was tastefully decorated by Miss A. Doran. Senator Welsh favored us with his presence, and also the Mayor. Joe Fitzgerald played several selections on his piano.

The officers of the Co Wicklow Booth are as follows: President, Mrs. F. Saunders; vice-President, Miss M. W. Kyne; Secretary, Miss M. Redmond; Treasurer, Mrs. P. Keenan; Assistants, Mrs. Kate Campbell, L. Roberts, Miss S. Redmond, Miss M. McCormick, M. L. Deasy, Miss Walsh, Mr. D. Deigan, Mr. McCabe, Mr. Doran. Amongst the donations received are a fancy altar piece from Sister Casey, Presentation Convent, Baltinglas Co Wicklow, butter bowl, sewing machine, doll house, sofa and a number of beautiful pictures. The booth is decorated in green and white. A fine likeness of C. L. Parnell adorns the booth. Two Irish flags hang on the walls. The Wicklow Booth promises to be the most popular one in the Pavilion. This is assured by the presence of a great number of Irish beauties who not only adorn but work for the booth.

The chief attraction at the Kildare Booth was the famous Curragh races.

Galway Booth was one of the handsomest booths of the Fair, contained the best looking girls, and the most men. It will have its night at home May 9th, when there will be a special entertainment and refreshments.

The Westmeath Booth was well patronized last evening. The chief attraction was a beautiful picture of the late Father O'Growney. Amongst the visitors were the Rev. Father Yorke, Father Nugent, Father Sullivan, and brother benedicts of Oakland.

Roscommon Booth, situated on the southeast corner of the building, promises to be a very successful booth. It is tastefully decorated in green, white and gold. Many beautiful and costly prizes are offered to the lucky winners.

One of the most artistically decorated booths was "Sweet Tipperary." The main attraction of the booth is the Rock of Casbel, which may be viewed from all parts of the Pavilion, especially from the Devil's Bit, in Tipperary herself. A beautiful piano is to be disposed of and also some beautiful hand painted cushions and panels.

The wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters of Fenians and Fenians



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themselves in charge of Mayo Booth have it beautifully decorated in the Irish national republican colors, the green, white and gold. The booth is situated in the west end of the Pavilion and has beautiful attractions. Picture of the old Lion of the West, Archbishop Mac Hale, also a picture of the Young Lion of the West, the Rev. P. C. Yorke. Also many other donations, such as china, glassware, shamrocks from Croagh Patrick. Among the visitors were Father Yorke, Mayor Schmitz, and Col. Holligan and his plug hat and purse, J. J. Caniffe and Capt. Conor Murphy of the Irish Volunteers of Port Costa. The ladies are the prettiest in the Fair. The President, Mrs. Judge, and Vice-President, Mrs. Silk, and all their able assistants are determined to make the Mayo Booth the banner one.

The ladies of Kilkenny Booth held an informal reception, and welcomed their many friends. All had a delightful time, and left vowing to pay another visit to Castle Comer. Those who helped to make the evening pass pleasantly were: Mrs. T. E. Curran, M. J. E. Glenden, Mrs. M. E. Glade, Judge Gliden, Mrs. McGlade, Judge Grace and his performing dog "Kilkenny."

The patronage of the ice-cream parlors attached to the Academy Booth was so great that the supply will have to be increased hereafter as each one who has sampled same wants more.

A Plea for the Gaelic Language

"Dum Vivimus Vivamus Cum Nostra Lingua"

Never, perhaps, during the long and eventful history of our persecuted country, certainly not within the memory of the oldest among us, has any movement wrought such marvelous results—riveted more closely together the hearts and minds of the scattered children of Clan-na-Gale as that for the revival of the grand old tongue of our fathers. Established a few years ago, the Gaelic League has lived, and triumphed over every form of opposition from the enemy who from hatred and fear sought by every means in their power to cast ridicule upon it. Like the tiniest of mustard seeds planted in the earth's bosom at spring time, watered with showers and warmed by genial sunshine, this league has truly sprung up into a gigantic tree, the green freshness of whose branches is to the countless children of the Irish race a harbinger of joy—of the great tidings that the long and dark and dreary night is over, and that, Eire the forlorn, the sorrow-stricken, the plundered, the forsaken, is at last placed on the path that leads to nationhood. The formation of the Gaelic League was truly the turning of the tide.

Ireland's liberator, I believe, it was who said that the man who had no enemies had no virtues—that the cause that could not create antagonism was not worth working for. It is an old

saying, and it is as true as it is old, that there was no movement, however small; no cause be it ever so great, that had not its enemies at the first instant it became known that the end of the movement, the sole object of the cause, was the uplifting of our country to her place among the nations of the earth. And so it is with the Gaelic League. It, too, has its enemies—ignorant, conceited enemies—who find no good in virtue or knowledge, unless tinged with the yellow beams that radiate from some golden focus, or with the mellow light of imperial power. One would imagine that Tom Moore must be seen such base, disreputable unmentionable characters, in poetic vision, when he wrote: "Unprized are her sons till they've learnt to betray, undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires." They discharge the bolt of ridicule at us, and sneeringly ask: "Is the Gaelic language worth retaining? Is it not an argument against it that it was let die out in its own home. Even though it may be of some use to the haters of Ireland, of what use is it to us here in America? What are we to gain by it? Why learn it, then?" The best way, in my estimation, to answer these questions—the outcome of shortsightedness and stupidity—would be to treat them as they deserve to be treated, with silent contempt. But for the sake of those who are dear to my heart, the little ones of the Gaelic League, I intend to give a common-sense answer to the first questions, for they have not yet read enough of the history or the language of Ireland, perhaps, to be able to meet their foes. In my next letter to this paper I will show that for all lovers of philological research a knowledge of Irish is as necessary—nay, more so—as a knowledge of Sanskrit, and is of great use in settling classic pronunciation. And now to the first questions: I answer that for those in whose veins flow the blood of martyrs and of saints the Irish language is worth preserving. The following are my reasons: The language of any nation is the exponent of her antiquity, the mouthpiece of her history, the storehouse of her greatness and fame. If the Italian loves the sweet Tuscan of Dante, if the Frenchman cherishes the language in which Bossuet and Mirabeau thundered, and Napoleon dictated laws to Europe, why should we not love the dear Keltic tongue? Is it not the language which our fathers lisped, when in days of long ago they sat at their fond mother's feet in a land far over the waters? Is it not the language in which Patrick preached, and in which the vow was made which in spite of every torture has never yet been broken? Is it not the language in which Brigid prayed Columbeille sent a blessing from the land of his exile, as do we to-day to the fair hills of holy Ireland. When Silken Thomas threw the sword of state on the table of the Council Chamber of Dublin Castle, was it not in Irish he hurled defiance at the English monarch? Is it not the language in which the password was given on many a battlefield, rendered forever glorious by the valor of the sons of Ireland—from Benberb,

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Armagh, Athlone, Limerick, to Fontenoy, Cremona and Langden's crimsoned plain? Child of Erin, for you the grand old tongue is a natural inheritance, a mark of your Keltic descent, an exponent of a distinct and separate nationality. "What," said the Prince of Preachers, "proclaims to the world that no nation on earth can claim me for her son except thee, O Mother Erin, but my language and my brogue?" Yes, we must have a separate language if we mean to be a separate nation. With our language will disappear all our glorious literature, all our grand traditions and our chief claim to freedom as a separate nation. Our duty toward the mother tongue is clear as midday sun—to learn to speak, and to speak it on every available occasion. To stimulate us, let us read the history of our country, of our antiquities, of her heroes, of her saints and of her scholars, and we shall grow fonder of the sweet, mellow tongue of our fathers. See how the Austrian empire is to-day torn with dissension because of the effort to impose the German language on Czechs, and in Poland children are flogged for daring to speak in the language which is dear to their hearts—that language which is the preserver and upholder of a distinct nationality, the barrier against subjugation and submission. Is it reserved for the Irish among the nations of the earth, after centuries of struggle, to admit defeat by adopting the language of the conqueror? We profess to hate England, and yet we curse England in the language of England. In our long struggle for freedom we forget the words:

Sons of Erin! Vain your efforts. Vain your prayers for freedom's crown Whilst you crave it in the language of the foe that clove it down.

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o'er Poland's shattered frame
Until he trampled from the breast the
tongue that bore her name.
TO BE CONTINUED.

Look for and at the animatoscope.

William M. Statham kindly loaned
the piano used during the Fair.

The Elite Gallery of this city will
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Q.—Why is it that the price of eggs
are cheaper now than formerly?

A.—Because they imported a big
Henry from Germany.

MONUMENTS OF IRELAND. (Continued from Page 3)

man type of architecture and in their
own way adapting it to the existing con-
ditions in their own land produced the
type of architecture as is employed in
the Boyle Abbey or Roscommon Booth
and which type of architecture became
the reigning style of all ecclesiastical
work for five centuries throughout the
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So numerous are the Booths of the
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Ireland and their historic monuments
that the description of same will be
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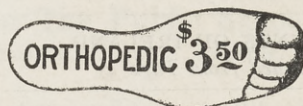
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